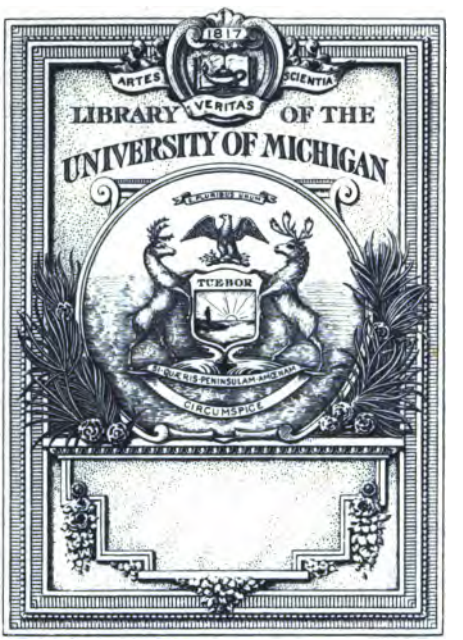

A

SHORT MEMOIR

OF

ANDREW UNDERHILL:

WHO

Departed this Life, at Philadelphia,

ON

THE EIGHTEENTH OF THE FIRST MONTH, 1823,

IN THE

Twenty-sixth year of his age:

Together with

SOME OF THE WEIGHTY EXPRESSIONS DROPPED BY HIM DURING HIS ILLNESS.

"There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." *Acts* vi. 12.

Philadelphia:

PRINTED FOR BENJAMIN AND THOMAS KITE,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following memoir was not drawn up with a view to publication, but it having been printed in England from an incorrect copy, the family of the deceased has consented to its republication in a more correct form.

Philadelphia, 5th month, 1826.

Prof. Louis C. Karpinski
10-19-1925

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ENGLISH EDITION.

The following short memoir exhibits another proof, in addition to the many which have preceded it, that a life of moral rectitude, and abstinence from grosser crimes, however essential it may be as one portion of our indispensable obligation, in order to find acceptance in the Divine sight, is not of itself a passport to eternal happiness; but that, to obtain an admission within the pearl gates, we must come to the feet of the blessed Jesus; and, through his eternal power, experience the renovation of the heart, which He described in that emphatic language which astonished a ruler in Israel: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." *John* iii. 3.

The soul of man, when it becomes truly awakened to a just sense of its real state and condition, and is brought to view itself by that "Life which is the Light of men;" *John* i. 4, cannot but behold in itself many imperfections, be sensible of manifold transgressions, and be ready, under a sense of its own wants, to cry out in language similar to this: A Saviour, or I die—a Redeemer, or I perish for ever!

A

BRIEF MEMOIR, &c.

THIS little memoir of our beloved Andrew Underhill, was originally designed to gratify and console those of his near relatives, whose remote residence and peculiar circumstances, prevented them of latter time, from having much knowledge of his situation, and precluded the possibility of their sharing with us the privilege of witnessing his closing scene.

Reflecting on the wonderful display of divine goodness afforded at that awful season, and indeed, through the last weeks of his sojourn amongst us, we are willing to extend the perusal to such of his intimate friends and acquaintances as particularly desire it, hoping it may strengthen and encourage all to apply to the same inexhaustible fountain, for redemption from sin, and support under suffering.

He had resided for the last three or four years in the city of Richmond, (Virginia,) being there

with dignity and propriety. How far I shall be enabled to succeed, time alone can determine."

This pleasant prospect was soon obscured by increasing indisposition; pain in his side, and other alarming symptoms coming on, particularly a distressing hoarseness, his medical friend advised his leaving Richmond immediately; and recommended his coming home and submitting to a course of medicine. He accordingly returned to his family about the 1st of the 8th month; but, unwilling to subject himself to a tedious confinement while it could be avoided, he resolved to visit Saratoga springs, in the hope that their healing virtues might restore health to his enfeebled frame.

In pursuance of this plan, he proceeded from Philadelphia to New York, and after passing a few days at the summer residence of his uncle T. Buckley, he was joined by several of his friends, and continued his journey to the springs; but the relief he hoped for was not obtained; the use of the waters increased the inflammatory action of the system, and his kind companions returned with him to their hospitable mansion at Manhattanville; where, recovering from the fatigue of the journey, his health became more comfortable, and permitted him to enjoy for a little season, the pleasing intercourse of friendship.

In the early part of the 9th month, he bade a

tender adieu to his beloved friends and relatives, and returned to his family in Philadelphia, to whom it was painfully evident, that the waters and the journey had been alike unavailing. The hoarseness, &c. continued, and he soon after represented his case to Dr. Physick, who confirmed our apprehensions that the disease was seated in the lungs.

This information, though not altogether unexpected, was a shock to his feelings; and from this time, his hopes of recovery were never sanguine.

To his mother, who at this juncture was absent from the city, he writes thus:

"I now begin to be apprehensive of a tedious confinement. If it is to be so, the first wish of my heart is, that I may be favoured to wait in perfect resignation for the issue; and that my kind and dear friends, resting under the full conviction, that whatever does happen will be for the best, will not give themselves any unnecessary anxiety on my account."

Attempts were now made to reduce the inflammation by a restrictive system of diet, bleeding, blistering, &c. but in defiance of every effort the disease progressed, and his physician, who had at an early period, recommended as the most probable means of restoration, that he should pass the coming winter in a more temperate cli-

mate, now urged it as a last resort. The consideration of this proposal for a time, pressed heavily on his mind; but, feeling his own weakness, and sensible that the advantages to be derived from the change were very uncertain, and dreading to be separated from all who were most dear to him in life, he finally decided (to the inexpressible relief of his friends,) to remain at home, and quietly wait the issue of the solemn dispensation.

From the first of his confinement to the house, it was evident, from the course of his reading, and the whole tenor of his deportment, that his mind was deeply impressed with a sense of the awfulness of his situation; and that he was labouring after a more perfect knowledge of the things that make for peace, and things that accompany salvation.

About this time a friend kindly put into his hand "A brief Memoir of the life of Dr. Bateman;" a little work that we believe was singularly blessed to him; opening to the view of his conflicting mind, a comforting prospect of the mercy and condescending goodness of his Redeemer; upon whom he seemed, in child-like simplicity, to cast all his care: and as his strength diminished, his faith and hope were increased; and a consoling evidence at length was afforded, that the resignation of his will was accepted, his transgressions

blotted out, and his name recorded in the book of life.

His decline was rapid; but he continued to come down stairs till the close of the year. On new-year's day he kept his chamber, and was extremely weak and languid; but read at intervals in the New Testament, and one or two other religious books that he had placed beside him. He was, at this time, evidently passing through much conflict; and his mother being deeply affected by it, with great tenderness, ventured to inquire a little into the state of his mind. He answered in a sweet and humble manner: "I think I feel nothing in my way; and if my sufferings do but help me to obtain Divine acceptance, it is all I can ask; I shall account them as nothing."

She was strengthened to encourage him to keep close to that exercise; and expressed her confidence, that an evidence of acceptance would be mercifully granted.

1st mo. 2d, 1823. Increasing in weakness, he observed to his mother, that the disease was fast approaching to a crisis. His father coming into his chamber, and inquiring how he felt, he answered: "Extremely weak. I believe I have nothing to do but acquaint myself with that which is promised to all that believe."

On the evening of the 8th, he asked, if we had read what H. Adams' Dictionary of Religions says of the Socinians. The book was brought, and his father read the tenets of the Socinians and Unitarians. Upon which he remarked: "It wont do—that doctrine will not stand;" and after a pause, added: "There is no other name given under heaven among men, whereby we can be saved, but by the name of Jesus."

At another time, when some allusion had been made to such principles, he said with much feeling: "As I was reflecting the other night, upon my own situation, and almost overwhelmed with a sense of my sins, my mind became suddenly illuminated to perceive, that though they were of the scarlet die, a Saviour's blood could make me white as wool. The distress I had felt was removed; and a sweetness left, that I had never before experienced."

Several of us sitting with him in the twilight, engaged in sweet and serious conversation, one of his sisters remarked, it would be a satisfaction to know whether we should be permittedto recognise each other in heaven. He answered: "The recognition of our friends is of so small importance, compared with an entrance there—that it is not worth a thought."

His mother observed: "The scriptures assure

us, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the good things that are laid up in store for those that love and fear God."

He repeated: "Ah! to obtain an admittance there, is the all-important point; and that we may all do it, I have not the shadow of doubt, by the entire submission of our wills to the Divine will."

Some days afterwards, he requested we would find the passage of scripture before alluded to; which was found and read; on which he seemed to dwell with peculiar pleasure. The scriptures had indeed become his delight, particularly the New Testament, which he kept constantly by his side. About this time, one of his sisters sitting with him while the family were at dinner, he held in his hand the life of Caroline E. Smelt, which he was reading; and closing the volume, sweetly repeated these lines:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

And added, "She was remarkably favoured with an assurance of Divine acceptance;"—

compared with which, he considered her sufferings and all earthly things sunk into nothing.

In the evening his aunt kindly offering to officiate as nurse for the night, in order to relieve his mother, he joined earnestly in the request, with much tenderness, reminding her, that she had other duties to perform, and that there were other claims upon her attention.

The doctor having prescribed some little change of diet, he remarked: "It signifies but little; I have no idea that the disease can be overcome; and I have nothing to do but to prepare for a better country."

1st mo. 11th. A female friend who had often visited him, called this evening and delivered a message of love from her sister. He thanked her, and added: "As she has been so kind as to express an interest for me, tell her that, though I am gradually weakening, my mind is all calmness; and I am favoured to experience perfect resignation to the approaching event—Yes!" he repeated with emphasis, "perfect resignation!" And after a pause, he added in a low voice: "the goodness of God is wonderful! wonderful indeed! for though my sins were as scarlet, I have been favoured to experience that they are all forgiven; and that saving faith has been given me, by which I have an assurance

that through the merits of the Son, I shall find acceptance with the Father."

He then opened the 3d Vol. of H. K. White's Remains, in which he had been reading; said he had been particularly interested with one of his letters, and read aloud, in a feeling manner, the following paragraphs.

"We are manifestly but poor helpless creatures, and exposed to much care and misery; but faith in Jesus Christ, affords us what our nature most wants; a basis on which we may repose ourselves, and all our cares and fears with certainty and satisfaction. Trusting in him, we can look upon the dim future with hope and confidence.

"None can comprehend the exquisite satisfaction attendant on Christian faith, but those who have had some experience of it. The support it is in trouble, the full confidence it brings along with it of God's truth and mercy, the delightful food it affords to calm and serious meditation; and above all, the sweet serenity it throws over our anticipations of death, are beyond any power of man to describe.

"Well might the king of Israel say, 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' "

One day, when he was much oppressed, one

of his sisters asked him which was the hardest to bear—this oppression, or severe pain. He answered: "O, I never think of that; I early ascertained that it was my duty to bear what is sent me, and bless the hand that gives it."

At another time he said: "It is hard always to be patient and not wish to be released;" or something to that effect—and then added: "I have not once dared to pray either for life or death."

One morning, his sister observed, she would willingly bear a part of his sufferings. He replied: "It would not do; we must all settle our own accounts—'tis necessary; and not only necessary, but the best thing that could happen."

12th of 1st month. The dear invalid was sweet, and calm, and quiet. He was told in the afternoon, that two young men from New York (brothers,) had come to see him. He was much attached to them, and his mother feared an interview in his weak state would be more than he could bear; but he requested they might be immediately invited up: he received them with cheerfulness, and when they retired, after an hour's quiet conversation, and an invitation to see him on the next afternoon, being asked if he was not almost exhausted. He answered: "O no! it has done me good."

The following morning he was very languid, and after walking a few times over the floor, reseated himself in the easy chair; saying: "It is the Christian's privilege to die. I can set my seal to that."

His young friends came again the latter part of the afternoon, and spent several hours; listening with affectionate attention to his every word. At parting, he discovered much emotion;" and presently observed: "They have taken a great deal of pains to come and see me, I don't know whether they have gained any instruction."

His mother replied, she hoped he had been strengthened to tell them what his views of life were now.

"I had to tell them," said he, "to fear God and keep his commandments."

14th. A day of great weakness. He was visited towards evening by the female friend before alluded to, to whom he expressed himself thus: (alluding to his hoarseness,) "The loss of my voice is a great privation:—my heart seems so filled with the love of my Redeemer, I desire to sound forth his praises; but I have not the power."

She remarked, that such feelings were communicated without the aid of language; and that

she had been favoured to experience, while sitting beside him, the truth of those lines:

> "From mind to mind in streams of joy
> The holy influence spreads:
> 'Tis praise, 'tis peace without alloy;
> For God that influence sheds;"

And added: "I think, dear Andrew, I have had a clear and living evidence, which has been renewedly felt at this time, that thou art beloved of the Lord."

The same evening, while attempting to drink a cup of tea, which much fatigued him, he wiped the perspiration from his face with his hand, and held it up to his aunt, who was sitting alone with him. She said: "Yes, Andrew! I saw it standing in drops on thy temples." He replied: "well, the end will bring rest." She then observed; "An evidence that the end which must overtake us all, will bring peace and rest, is the most valuable acquisition we can obtain here."

He answered: "It is—it is. I find it the pearl of great price."

His aunt added: "I have long considered it a great privilege, to be prepared and taken to a better inheritance in early life." After a pause, he exclaimed emphatically: "I have been pluck-

ed as a brand from the burning; and I have a well grounded hope, that if I am taken to-morrow, I shall be received into heaven."

On the evening of the 15th, several of the family having, as usual, collected in the apartment of the precious invalid, he inquired how long he had kept his chamber; and being told two weeks, he said with much emotion: "I may truly say, the goodness of God to my soul has been wonderful! that with so little suffering, I should have to believe that my sins will be forgiven, by simply coming to the feet of the Saviour. I have indeed some sinking moments, from a fear that I may be deceived; and yet the language was plain, "Thy faith hath made thee whole;" and I have no doubt that I shall be admitted into the palace of the king of kings."

Hearing at this juncture, that a friend whom he valued much, and whose company and sympathy had often been consoling and strengthening to his mind, had called to ask after him, he immediately desired we would invite him up; and, to his inquiries relative to his health, he answered: "Weak in body, but very comfortable in mind: I was just saying, that the goodness of God to my soul was so great, that I am almost tempted to think myself under a delusion; that my sins, should be forgiven with so little suffer-

ing—merely by being brought to the foot of the cross. Yet the manifestation has been very clear: 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' "

A solemn pause ensued. Our friend presently withdrew. The weeping circle continued to sit in silence; and the dear sufferer soon after added: "When you come to lie on a sick bed, and look at eternity, and then at the world, it will sink into utter insignificance. I am astonished now, that any one can be willing to live here, without an assurance that they are so living as to obtain Divine acceptance; when they know not the hour they will be called upon to give an account of their stewardship. I have been plucked as a brand from the burning. There is no cause for sorrow and grief, but of rejoicing, that my small portion of suffering will work out for me such an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I have had such an ecstatic view of the glory of the heavenly host, that the idea of being permitted to join such a company, overwhelmed me with intensity of feeling; and in a little time—a few years—I doubt not we shall meet again, a family of love, to join in singing praises to the most high God."

This was indeed a solemn season; and under an humbling sense of Divine goodness, his mother revived the passage: "Suffer little children

to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" adding: "this was the language of the master formerly, and it remains for our encouragement; and since I have found, my dear child, that thou wast willing to come in child-like simplicity, and lay open thy heart to him who seeth in secret, I have had no fear; but so full an assurance that thou wouldst be accepted, that I have been at times enabled to say: 'The bitterness of death is past.'"

He seemed overcome with his emotions, and reclining back in his chair, one of his sisters advanced towards him, and he faintly uttered: "I thank thee, O Father! for this evidence that my prayer was heard;"—or nearly these words; indicating that he had petitioned for his anxious mother, the consoling assurance which he now perceived had been graciously afforded.

Through this night he rested comfortably. On the morning of the 16th, was extremely weak and languid; but rose and was dressed as usual. After taking a little solid food towards noon, he became so oppressed in his breathing as to speak with difficulty; and was helped to lie down. About 2 o'clock, when asked how he was; he answered: "Very poor in body, but comfortable in mind;" and added: "Great has been the mercy of God to my soul."

After a silence of some minutes, he desired to be raised up, then motioned to one present to sit down by him; and attempted to speak, but could only say, "I must be quiet." After a few minutes he revived, and said: "It appears to me, that a state of weakness like this, is one of the greatest afflictions we can experience; perhaps, even a greater degree of pain is not so trying when there is strength of mind and body remaining." It having been observed, that it was a great blessing to be able to bear suffering with patience, he assented, and went on, "My mind, for two or three days past, has been so weak, that it has only been at intervals I have been able to breathe a prayer; but that will not be charged to my account. Great has been the goodness of God to me; and I hope it may not be lost upon those who are about me. I have been made sensible that my sins have been as scarlet; but I have also been favoured to feel, through his loving kindness, they have been washed away by faith. In my seasons of silent exercise, I have had this language frequently passing through my mind: "Thy faith hath made thee whole." It is by being brought down into the waters of affliction, that my soul has been washed from her sins; and I believe, through

the mercy of God and the merits of my Saviour, I shall be enabled to enter into rest. Fear God and keep his commandments—there is nothing else upon a death bed can bring peace to the soul. This is indeed the pearl of great price. My sufferings are nothing when compared with this. It is worth more than ten thousand worlds."

In the evening, he observed to a friend: "My weakness is so great, that it seems at times to absorb all the faculties of my mind; yet I am generally favoured to experience much calmness, and a blessed assurance that, through the mercy of my Redeemer, I shall be accepted." After a pause, he added: "Though sometimes cast down and depressed, I trust I am not forsaken."

He was greatly exhausted in getting to bed, and remarked: "It is almost over." Observing his mother in tears, he said: "Dear mother! don't be sorrowful." She pressed her cheek to his, saying: "I would not keep thee in this suffering state one hour." He replied: "Then let us try to be very quiet;" evidently wishing to repress the expression of our distress.

His mother, sister, and aunt, remained with him during the night, which proved a distressing one; and the morning brought no relief. He was supported by a bed chair, and so great was the

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I look at this scene of care, and disappointment, and trial; and from the little insight I have had into another, I know, it is one of such exquisite joy, that none can conceive, who are not, in measure, partakers of the heavenly nature; I wonder such an one as I, can ever expect to obtain it." Then after a pause, he added, in an animated manner: "But I know that my Redeemer liveth; and he hath said, 'he that believeth in me, shall never die.' I know that he can prepare me to join the general assembly and spirits of just men made perfect, in worshipping Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

One of his sisters sitting beside him, and being much affected at the sight of his sufferings, said: "My dear brother, thy sufferings, I fear, are more on account of thy friends than thyself—thy peace is made—perhaps on my account; and I have prayed they may be sanctified to my soul."

He replied with earnestness: "My beloved sister, come to the feet of Jesus—he has long been waiting for thee—I would be willing to suffer much to ensure thee, at such an hour as this, the peace I now feel;" and some other expressions, which from his emotion, and the weakness of his voice, could not be distinctly heard.

In the latter part of the afternoon, he request-

ed one of his sisters would read the closing part of the account of Edwin Price—took the book in his hand, and turned to the page he wished her to begin at; and when she had finished, he remarked: "He must have had more strength than I have, to have expressed so much." His mother said, "she thought he could not have had more patience, and that was a great favour under such suffering." His sister H. observed: "It is a proof of divine support." He looked at her with a countenance of inexpressible sweetness, and said: "My dear H. attend to that principle which has been implanted in thy mind, and we shall meet again to sing songs of praise, which will be more joy than the greatest in this world can feel."

Soon after, he broke forth in this manner: "I pray thee, O Father! give me strength, before I go hence, to tell of thy goodness:" and soon after, as his mother was attempting to make a little change in the position of his head, he looked at her expressively, and said: "I am plucked as a brand from the burning."

His mother, much affected, replied: "I have often been made thankful, my dear Andrew, in believing, notwithstanding thy exposed situation, that thou hast been preserved in a good degree of innocency."

"Ah, my dear mother!" he returned, "and

yet, living as I did live, I might have been lost for ever."

In the twilight of the evening, as one of his aunts was wiping the drops from his face, he said: "It runs a stream." Then pausing a moment, and raising his eyes, he said: "Gracious Father! I thank thee that the conflict is so nearly over as I think it is."

Some time after, he asked pleasantly: "Who is to be on the fatigue list to-night?" Being answered that his aunts would stay, he said sweetly: "What both?" One of his sisters said: "I should like to stay with thee too." He replied: "I should be very glad of thy company, but you must make your own arrangements;" and shortly after added: "The work is nearly finished—I don't expect to wait the rising of another sun; but I may be mistaken."

Immediately after tea, his father, mother, and two of his sisters sitting by him, after a short pause, he said in a solemn manner: "The approach of death is always awful; but to one who is looking for it from hour to hour, it is peculiarly awful. Death, as to me, has been robbed of his victory, through the cleansing blood of the holy Jesus; who, if we are willing to submit to his dispensations, and obey the dictates of the light, will bring us to the Father, where we shall

be received into the palace of the king of kings, and obtain a reward far beyond what we can possibly conceive."

After a short pause he added: "I trust and believe, we shall all meet again a family of love." He then broke forth in fervent supplication: "I pray thee, O Father! to shower down thy love upon every member of this family. O Lord! extend the arm of thy protection to the heads thereof—enable them still to watch with parental care over their children, as they have hitherto most faithfully done. May those that are left, be a support to them in their declining years; may they follow them in the way of holiness, and be an honour to them, and be useful in the church; and finally, be received into thy glorious rest."

Some time after, he requested the closing scene of the life of his cousin, R. Mott, might be read to him; and in the course of the evening, desired his affectionate love might be offered to several of his distant friends, whom he named.

Every remark, every word, indicated an intellect unclouded—a mind tranquil and serene—perceptions strong and clear. Towards bed time, when some of the family were about leaving his chamber for the night, he said to his youngest sister: "Thou need not go yet, I love

to have thee near me;" and as she drew near his pillow, he turned his head towards her, and sweetly said: "I want thee, my dear sister, to try to improve, and bring thy will into entire subjection to the will of thy father and mother. Obey them implicitly, and try to be a comfort to them. This will not only increase their peace and happiness, but, what is infinitely more important, will gain thee the love of thy heavenly Father. Make thyself useful in the family; attend to the principle in thy own heart; and thou mayest become a useful, dignified woman; and be prepared to enter into the kingdom of thy heavenly father, there to join in singing praises to his great and glorious name; where we shall meet again, never more to be separated."

Awhile after, he complained that the mattress whereon he lay, felt unusually hard; and one of his sisters proposed a pillow of carded cotton, which she quickly prepared; and when it was placed under his back, he seemed relieved, and said: "O! this is delightful!" He now became desirous that all about him should be kept perfectly still, and shortly after was heard to say, in a low voice: "This night I shall be in heaven."

After this, he slept several hours, but seemed disturbed with painful dreams, under the impres-

sion of which he exclaimed: "I should have sunk to the ground, but for thy consoling love." His respiration continued extremely difficult and distressing; but he took a little nourishment, and again sunk into a disturbed sleep; from which he seemed soon to awake, and was heard to say: "It has helped to work out for me an eternal weight of glory;" and presently, as if filled with a sense of Divine goodness and mercy: "I could pour forth thy praises without ceasing, if I had the power."

Towards three o'clock, his mother administered some sago, which he took freely; and, anxious that he should be kept quiet, she said: "Now, my dear, try to sleep again." He appeared perfectly sensible, and said: "Then tell them not to speak to me;" and seemed to sink instantly into a slumber; but continued, at intervals, to breathe out broken sentences of prayer, and praise, and adoration.

Several of us sitting beside him, watching in tearful silence, for him to awake to more acute perception; about five o'clock he said, in a deliberate manner, with a voice as strong and distinct as he had spoken for days past: "I feel that I am under his peculiar care."

These consoling words sunk like balm into our softened hearts, and for some time a solemn silence reigned. Some drink was then offered

him, of which he took several spoonfuls, swallowing without difficulty; and shortly after was heard to repeat part of the text: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c. We kept our seats, unconscious that the awful change was so very near, yet watching with intense anxiety every breath.

His respiration appeared to grow more and more easy. A momentary intermission was obobserved, and presently a sigh, so soft as scarcely to be perceived, excited our apprehension. His father and sisters were immediately called; but before they were all collected, the purified spirit had gently passed away. Not a feature was discomposed—but he appeared to have fallen into a sweet sleep; and when the sun arose, it shone upon a countenance serenely beautiful in death.

Thus has it pleased divine providence to take from us, in the flower of his youth, this tenderly beloved and interesting member of our family.

May this little sketch of his closing day, awaken to serious reflection all who read it; and more especially those to whom he was united in the bonds of a virtuous friendship. May they be induced to ponder the path of their feet—to inquire, from whence this deep sense of transgression?—since they can testify that he loved virtue, that he possessed from early youth,

a purity of mind, an elevation of sentiment, that led from the path of licentious pleasure, and from the company of the unprincipled and irreligious. He delighted, indeed, in the refinements of what is called polished society; but when affliction's chastening hand was felt, and the glory of this world was stained in his view, he was brought to take a solemn retrospect of the past; and became sensible that, by indulging beyond the limits that truth prescribed, he had been drawn away from the simplicity of the cross, and from that state of watchfulness and self-denial, in which alone we can receive ability to "acknowledge God in all our ways."

LIST OF BOOKS.

A Gospel Salutation in True Christian Love, recommended to Friends, who believe in the name of the Son of God, the true Light, and to all who truly desire to be grounded and settled in the Faith of Christ. By his servant George Whitehead.

Extracts from Letters and other Pieces, written by Margaret Jackson, during her last illness.

The Life of Mary Dudley, including an Account of her Religious Engagements, and Extracts from her Letters; with an Appendix, containing some Account of the Illness and Death of her daughter, Hannah Dudley.